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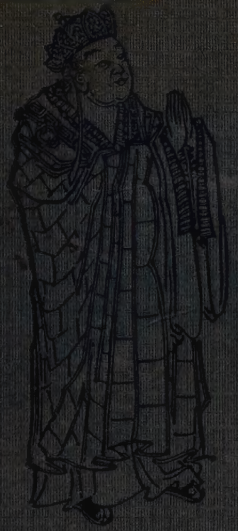

THE BUDDHIST PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST

Theology Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

OVERNIGHT

The Wisdom of the East Series
EDITED BY
L. CRANMER-BYNG
S. A. KAPADIA

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WISDOM OF THE EAST

THE BUDDHIST PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY HELEN M. HAYES

FROM

THE SHI YEU KI

"THE RECORDS OF THE JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN PARADISE"

BY WU CH'ENG-EN

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY, INC.

First Edition . . . 1930

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
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EDITORIAL NOTE

THE object of the Editors of this series is a very definite one. They desire above all things that, in their humble way, these books shall be the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action. They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another creed and colour.

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INTRODUCTION

THE Buddhist Pilgrim's Progress, known as "The Journey to the Western Paradise," is a book worthy of deep consideration both from the literary and human points of view. So far as I know, no book had ever been written before in China with the aim of drawing the "common people," let us say even the rabble, into the range of religious interest and adventure. The author—a scholar and gentleman—had realised that the heights of Buddhist philosophy must be made available for the many, and that it could only be achieved by interesting and amusing them and in these ways stooping to their level. Something of the sort had been attempted in Europe in the Christian medieval Mystery Plays with their buffooning and gross laughter, in the revels of the boy-bishop and such-like amusements, but the dignity of China, a little afraid of compromising itself, had left the mass of the people much to themselves. This procedure has had its drawbacks; one may see them plainly in China to this day; the advantages exist but are less patent.

Therefore it has stood the test of centuries

while many other books more scholastic and dignified have gone down into the dust. It has stormed Korea and Japan and has won the fidelity of their friendship. It so satisfied intellectual taste in Japan that it is the theme of more than one of the great Nō plays, while for the uncultivated masses in China and Korea it has long been one of the great attractions of the festivals where it was presented in the style of the western Mystery Play. Nor is it a now hoary classic, for following the trend of modern life it has become a movie, and Sun the Monkey skips on to the stage before and after the famous American and English stars. In reviews of modern movies for December 1929 in Japan I found the following :

"The other half of the programme consists of a long three-act play 'Saiyuki,' adapted by Mr. Tamotsu Takata from the famous play of the same name. It is an allegorical play, a travelogue of the pilgrimage of the priest Sanzo (Japanese form of Hiuen Tsiang) to India, in which every imaginable supernatural creature appears to frustrate his journey. Kanya Morita takes the leading rôle as Son (Sun) Goku, the ancient monkey with supernatural powers who becomes Sanzo's chief aid and disciple. Sanzo is played by Tansuke Sawamura. Takasuke Suketakaya as the devil Hakkai supplies the comical element in the play."

One smiles in thinking down what long ages Sun the Monkey had travelled to appear there. In India he was Hanuman the Monkey God—the "Faithful Servant" *par excellence* of gods and men. From India he travelled to China via Tibet much earlier than the seventh century, in which Hiuen Tsiang the mighty Buddhist pilgrim left the cultured capital of Chang-an to risk his life in dreadful travel through the deserts and mountains to the Holy Land of India, returning with noble cargoes of spiritual wealth beyond all rubies and orient pearls. Hanuman was waiting for him and was not to be disappointed, for Hiuen Tsiang had brought him a new and Buddhist garment, in which he was taken as the symbol of the vain, chattering human mind leaping from one folly to another and distracting the brooding Spirit of Man when it is busy with great matters. But also, when the mind is the faithful servant to the spirit, Hanuman and his Master pass hand in hand into the Infinite. And so it is found in this book.

Wu Ch'eng-en was the man who saw this great allegory and illustrated it with such gaiety, drama, and wisdom as to fascinate many generations of the Far East. He was born in China in Shan-yang, and according to the History of the city of Huai-an he was a gentleman and a scholar. After passing the famous Imperial examinations he entered the Government service, and about

ten years after he was appointed to be Governor of his city of Huai-an. But he did not long continue in that position, for his love of literature and the delightful wandering and meditative life of the Chinese literati called him, and he put aside his Government appointments and gave himself up to an almost nomad life, consorting with the like-minded geniuses and friends, so that his official life did not cover twenty years from the time of his success at the examinations in A.D. 1550. In his book of poems, which he delightfully called "Shih-yang-chi, or Shooting at the Sun," can be found many traces of those happy meetings and glimpses of him as he crossed the country. He possessed a keenly observant mind tinctured with a delicate sense of the evanescent beauty which reveals itself only for an instant before it merges into the dull reality of everyday existence. His skill in impromptu was famous, and the following poem, from his collection of "Shooting at the Sun," reveals a wistful beauty of values. It is called "An Impromptu on a Country View"—a scroll picture from his eyrie in a mountain castle of the ancient days:

"Over great valleys and small valleys
Rain-clouds pass.
Bewildering flowers in the far village and the near village.
Behind the ancestral shrine of the village an old man beating a drum.

To the west of the great bridge
A Guest of the Fields—a stranger with his staff.
The voice of the yellow singing birds and purple swallows is shrill and sweet.
Over the low willow and high mulberry light is reflected.
Spring wine in a mountain castle!
(It seems to be coloured green.)—

And all this for three hundred cash—cash with a blue-green patina!"

In another charming poem of his wanderings may be felt the warmth of the summer and the drowsy languor of the traveller as he rests on the high couch of foreign style brought from India or Tartary. It has all the placidity of late afternoon when the insects are absorbed in their one-throated chorus before the sun sinks.

"A lake with no ripples;
A wide view;
Reflected sunlight;
And in the valley water flows beneath a bridge.
Out it springs—cool as crystal.
The one voice of the cicadas
From the Ten Thousand Willows!
I lie on a high foreign couch
Amid the fragrance of lotuses."

It might be an old Taoist Immortal so serenely does he hold the eternal moment. Yet when winter comes and his lotuses are but dried brown skeletons and the summer haze has changed to sharp white mists one may picture him discussing

wine and literature in some warm snuggery. In A.D. 1570 the records of Huai-an state that he kept company with his friends Ch'en Wen-chu and Hsu Tzu for those purposes, and wine, if we are to judge from appearances, was the inspiration to the poets of China that love was to their western brethren.

"Li Po after one measure produces one hundred poems," says Tu Fu, and:

"Chang Hsu after three cups writes inspired characters;
Throws off his cap, appears bare-headed before the Prince and high officials;
Strokes of his long-haired writing-brush drop on the paper like clouds or driving mist."

Or perhaps, like another poet, they became eloquent after "five measures." He:

"Talks learnedly, argues vigorously, startles all who sit on the four sides of the feast."

It may be he took refuge in some old Buddhist Temple, passing endless hours in the study of his beloved philosophy. Yet his Buddhism is not the Buddhism of the priest, for he was never one, but of the layman who has used it to fight his own way through life with a whimsical humour very unlike the one-vision of a priest. In this man there was truly something deeper than the graceful indifference of the Chinese gentleman to

the world of spirits, although he ranks high as a Confucian scholar, and one of his great works is a masterly introduction to the classic "Spring and Autumn." According to Professor Yamabe of the Otani University, Kyoto, he was a Zen scholar of great learning and understanding; and Professor Hu Shih, of the Peking University, an authority upon "The Journey to the Pure Land," considers his style excellent, clear, and flowing, and the ease and naturalness with which the Buddhas and their attendant Bodhisattvas walk through the hundred chapters of the book, fraternising (in true Buddhist tolerance) with Taoists, Confucians, men, demons, and animals, is charming.

Thus this amazingly versatile man with his friendly sympathy for all the philosophies of his time leaves us with the flavour of a delightful character—tempered by the reflection that he may have been like so many other great men, much more pleasantly remembered by his books than by his personality. We shall probably never settle this point, for the records of his life are very scanty. Indeed after the year A.D. 1580 no known record exists of him. Did he wander away into the Unknown like Lao-Tsŭ, or did he put aside all the small things of this world and as a Buddhist monk enter the Peace?

Dr. Timothy Richards, to whom I am very much indebted for much of the background of

this book, has in translation confused Wu Ch'eng-en with another man of the same name, but born several hundred years earlier, who was a religious adviser to Genghis Khan and has related his work to Nestorian Christianity, which was known in China at that date. Professor Hu Shih, of the Peking University, does not agree with this assumption, nor does Professor Yamabe, and I cannot find any traces of Christian doctrines in "The Journey to the Pure Land." The Higher Religion to which Dr. Richards constantly refers is Mahayana Buddhism, or the Greater Vehicle, in contrast to the form better known in the West as the Lesser Vehicle, or Hinayana. I myself prefer to translate Mahayana as "Wider Buddhism," and Hinayana as "Narrower Buddhism," and thus the contrast is complete. Hinayana is "narrow" in that it has kept to the letter of the gospel preached by Shakyamuni, and Mahayana "wide" in that it has followed to their ultimate conclusions the hints and suggestions in his teaching, thus seeking for the implicit as well as the explicit, binding itself only by the spirit (a most expansive fetter), and therefore manifesting in unexpected forms according to the customs and temperaments of its adherents. In this way it adapted itself to conditions in Tibet, China, and Japan, where the less yielding and assimilative Hinayana died away, leaving little or no mark.

The exposition of Buddhist philosophy in a way that would attract the simple minds and hearty appetites of the multitude was the direct purpose of this book. Its first object was to demonstrate the Buddha-nature in every man, and the fact that, whether he will or no, his ultimate destiny is Buddhahood. In this way the author leads us through the various forms of Buddhism, through Hinayana, through the two great branches of the Mahayana school to the perfect enlightenment of his pilgrims in the cosmic Buddhahood of the Universe. This cosmic Buddhahood is a peculiar Mahayana conception and accounts for the many Buddhas who are not historical (such as Amitabha, the Buddha of Boundless Light). It is for this purpose that poems are frequently introduced as comments into the text, and in them the great Buddhist conceptions are enumerated side by side with their application in the more simple and amusing adventures of the pilgrims.

The persons of the drama are as follows:

Sun the Monkey and Hiuen Tsiang, the Imperial messenger to the Pure Land, and Master of the pilgrims.

Chu the Pig; The White Dragon Horse; and the Monk Sand.

As in the case of Sun the Monkey, each of the other characters has a symbolical nature. Thus

Hiuen Tsiang the Master is that Principle inherent in man which understands its oneness with all life and is willing in its devoted love to spend and be spent. Just as did the historical monk Hiuen Tsiang, so this Master also spends his life in seeking the books which will bring the key of freedom to his fellow-men. As a solitary man plodding wearily through the deserts of the Way he is utterly helpless, until he realises his oneness with and dependence upon all other forms of life and accepts in the spirit of his long-ago prototype all help offered to him on the way—whether it be from divine beings, animals, or men.

The Pig Chu represents the sensual part of man. He is uncontrolled desire, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the Monkey Sun and the Master keep him in the path. His name and form are chosen because they are the Buddhist symbol of lust and sensual desire; but when these are curbed and directed to a great end, he is a valuable servant to the Master. Therefore with his stumblings and haltings on the road of virtue Pig Chu forms a quaint example of the Asiatic belief that lust diverted to a right goal becomes spiritual energy of the first order. He it is who provides the comic interludes. He does not like to leave the fat of the land, and there are ridiculous scenes when he becomes entangled with beautiful women and the other and lowlier

desires of the flesh. His temptations are much more strenuous and seductive than any Christian encountered in Vanity Fair, so that many of his adventures border on that grotesque which is the delight of the Asiatic heart.

The White Dragon Horse is the faithful heart, willing to bear all burdens uncomplainingly. His vice is impatience with circumstance, but—that overcome—there is no truer servant of mankind.

Sand the Monk is the shifting surface inherent in every man. When at last he gains self-control and holds steadfastly to the purpose, his way to Peace is assured.

It must always be remembered that this book is a spiritual parable of the great and famous journey of the real Monk Hiuen Tsiang to India in the seventh century. Wu Ch'eng-en's quick mind perceived that here was the perfect allegory ready-made to his hand. He would use Hiuen Tsiang's own name. He would introduce the great Chinese Emperor Tai Tsung who received Hiuen Tsiang with all but royal honours on his return from India, but it should all be transmuted to the spiritual and become the Epic Pilgrimage of Man from the Actual to the Ideal. For this reason nothing could be omitted of the sloughs of sensuality and wild buffoonery—through which in truth the way often lies to the heights. There was to be no idealism of those details,

but actuality with a strong seasoning of humour. Possibly it is because they stand there that the book has lived and is to-day a fruitful soil where men dig for amusement not unhappily blended with instruction. They laugh over it, but they look also to the end.

THE BUDDHIST PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

CHAPTER I

THE STONE MONKEY

"THE Records of the Journey to the Western Paradise," or, as I have called it, "The Buddhist Pilgrim's Progress," opens in the very beginning of all things as a true pilgrimage should. It tells the story of the creation of life and the world, and the evolution of man from the simple to the complex, from the cosmic germ of life to his inheritance of the golden fruit of Buddahood. For this reason the author traces painstakingly yet most amusingly the early adventures and origin of his Monkey hero Sun.

First comes the account of the world creation, half legend, half symbol, marvellously intuitive in the light of our present scientific knowledge. It is the Buddhist conception of the Cosmic Mind Stuff differentiating within itself worlds that will one day dissolve in it again as a dream passes with the morning. It knows no Prime Mover in the Christian interpretation. Incalculable æons succeed each other, in which darkness and light are manifested, and then follow further

differentiations in rhythmic periods of movement and rest, during which take place the formation of matter, the universes, the sun, moon, the earth with its lands and mountains, seas and rivers. Finally, on this earth, the scene of man's activities—individual life.

The action of the book takes place in the Eastern Continent of Aolai, the home of the Dragon Gods washed by a sweeping sea. On their rocky home is a great mountain crowned with a stone vibrating with life in unison with sun and moon—a strange intuition surely of the Western science which admits stones to participation in life. Within this stone, as a child in its mother's womb, lay a hidden germ of life, and on a certain day an expanding force rent the matrix and a stone egg lay beneath the sun. From it sprang a Stone Monkey, the hero of our tale, with five senses complete, able to creep and run, and with a piercing light in his eyes which penetrated even to the Pure Land whence the Celestial Beings looked down upon the grotesque creature.

This Pure Land, or, as it is sometimes called, the Western Paradise, where the Celestial Beings dwell, is a true Buddhist conception, clothed though it is in the glory of the old Chinese Imperial Courts. It is a state rather than a place of bliss, and differs from the Christian conception of Heaven in that it is not infinite in its duration,

but will at length pass away into the Cosmic Mind Stuff described by the Buddha as the Unbecome and Unbecoming.

In the recently translated Tibetan Book of the Dead the belief is formulated that man creates for himself the thought forms that surround him after death, even as he creates and paints in his own colours the hopes and fears of his surroundings in life. Therefore the Chinese conception of the Western Paradise varies from the Tibetan, Japanese, and Indian in that it is conceived in the social ideal of old China. At its head is the Celestial Emperor, and below him hundreds of thousands of dignitaries, Taoist and Confucian as well as Buddhist, while the Buddhas are utterly above and beyond it all, absorbed in Cosmic blessedness, though in the Mahayana conception of the Absolute they may emerge in person to soothe the outraged Celestials, or to aid the old Master on his journey. In this book there are two pictures given of this Western Paradise—one seen at first through the eyes of the undeveloped Monkey as the perfection of all fleshly delights, much as a Mohammedan might accept the sensuous enjoyments of Paradise, the second when, with awakened eyes and highly evolved, he recognises its spirituality.

There is something ironically humorous in the Celestials observing the Stone Monkey through the glass of Long Vision so far below them, and

reporting his existence to Amitabha, the great Buddha of Boundless Light. Already he had eaten and drunk, and the light in his eyes was fading. Pityingly the Buddha Amitabha pronounced :

" That object far below us is the living principle of Cosmic life ! "

But the Monkey grew in strength. He sought companions among the animals. With deep curiosity he explored the mountains and their caves. Finally, he joined a band of monkeys in the trees, and they lived and played together. When wearied with play he delighted to watch a mountain river and its mysterious flow, and in the animal happiness of prehistoric man he passed his days until desire grew in him to know from whence the water fell. One day the careless monkey band followed it upward to a great waterfall shooting from a cave. Wonderful and dangerous ! There was a clamour of voices :

" Whoever dares enter the cave and returns to us shall be our king ! "

The Stone Monkey had stumbled on his chance. He shut his eyes and dived into the plunging water beyond which lay the Unknown. Marvellous ! It was only a curtain of falling water ! Beyond it was a stone bridge, and on the bridge a stone house and a stone pillar, with these words deeply cut in the stone :

"The Happy Flower and Fruit Land behind the Water Curtain of Heaven's Cave."

Again he leaped through the water and back to the waiting monkeys.

"A great find indeed! Our true resting-place!"

They followed him through the water and stormed into the house, fighting like prehistoric and present-day man for the spoils.

And now the spirit of command was born in the Monkey, and he spoke with dignity:

"Sirs, what can the faithless expect? You promised kingship to the explorer. I am your king."

They agreed, and now we have the "Beautiful Monkey King":

> "In the womb of living stone
> Lies the seed of sun and moon,
> From the egg comes forth the ape
> Shapeless first then taking shape.
> Shapeless human life begins,
> Perfect shape at last it wins."

The monkey people now entered upon the Stone Age; they lived in a settled community, and the nomadic period was over. A monarchy was formed with the proper grades of office bearers, and centuries rolled by in peace and pleasure. Why not for ever? Impossible. Where humanity exists is found also the divine

home-sickness that neither peace nor pleasure can assuage.

One day, while feasting with his subjects, the Monkey King wept, and they questioned eagerly: "But why? What is it?"

"I am happy now—yes!—but the future!"

"Free from restraint, in perfect happiness—what should we dread?" they asked.

"Disease and death and the reckoning that lies beyond."

And at these strangely foreboding words the hitherto happy creatures covered their faces and wept, until at last a strong one, a leader, leaped from among them:

"Great King, this your sorrow is the beginning of life eternal. Know that there are in the world the Buddhas, the Taoist Immortals, and the Confucian Gods. These endure for ever."

"And where?"

"In the world after death, in the ancient depths of the Eternal Mountain."

Joy and hope shone upon their sorrow.

"I, your king, shall be the Searcher, and we also shall attain eternal life."

The next day, descending to the sea, he made a raft, and on that crossed to the South Continent, searching always for the home of the Taoist Immortals, but without success. He could find no Immortals. There were men in search of fame and riches (and from them he

learnt how to walk upright, behave, and clothe himself as a man), but none who held the secret of everlasting life. He journeyed on to the Unicorn Continent, and on a high mountain he came upon a woodman singing a strange Taoist song which gives the very essence of Taoist philosophy in its exhortation to man to union with the cosmic scheme.

" Only a game of chess—but while it lasts
The handle of my axe has time to rot.
Felling the trees—no more ! but yet the sound
Mounts up the valley to the farthest clouds.
Slowly I climb—I change my wood for wine,
And madly laugh and shout as one unfettered !
On the green Pass is autumn, and I lie
Staring into the moon from pine-root pillows.
Waking, the East is bright. Again I climb.
I know the woods of old. I storm the steep
And all the hills.
My hatchet chops the dry wistaria,
I bunch up all the lot—and off for sale !
Along the market road I sing for joy,
For this will buy me rice—three measures small !
And, since there's none who can compete with me,
I say the price of rice is fair and just.
And I—I live beyond renown or shame,
And all I meet, even the common man,
Attain the Way.
Then at my ease I sit serene and teach
Of all the garden happiness of Ko ! " (the Taoist Emperor).

The echoes of this song may be heard in the great paintings of the Sung period in China and in the Kano School of Japan, where the Taoist Immortals live among the utter simplicities of

the wild mountains and the water rushes with primeval joy through the rocks, singing for ever to the happy sennin of the heights. There they still ride the winds or leap the valleys on the wings of giant cranes, and from those heavenly solitudes they can only fall by a return to the departed human emotions. The song filled the heart of the Monkey with foreseeing ecstasy, and he questioned eagerly and had the answer:

"It is 'The Song of the Fragrance that Fills the Hall,'" said the woodman, "and the Immortal who taught it to me lives close here. This place is called the Heart of the Living Mountain, and he and his pupils live in the Slanting Moon and Three Star Cave. I am sorry that I cannot go with you myself, but I must work to support my mother, and so I have no time to waste."

At once the Monkey recognised him as the Filial Son of the Confucian ethics, and respected him accordingly. It is one of the great virtues of Asia that she has true veneration and respect for a good man no matter what his occupation or religion. She asks nothing more of him than goodness, for in that all the rest is implicit. He thanked the woodman for his directions and made his way to the cave, and as there was no one about to greet him he climbed a fir-tree and munched pine-needles while he waited. In China and Japan this practice is still supposed

to strengthen the constitution—"Those who chew pine-needles will live for a thousand years," they say.

Presently a student appeared.

"Who is making a noise out there?—I am sent by the Master to meet a seeker after Truth and to bring him in."

Down dropped the Monkey King from the tree, and followed the student through halls of marvellous beauty carved from carnation marble, and through the Vermilion Mansions to the inner sanctum, where the Master of the Way, none other than the old philosopher Lao Tsŭ, and his disciples sat. The formalities of meeting over, a name was bestowed on the new student: he was to be known as Sun, the Searcher of Secrets.

For six years Sun the Monkey diligently applied himself to study, and at the end of that time he was offered a large choice of subjects.

"But will any of these show me how to elude old age?" he asked.

"Not one," the old philosopher admitted.

"Very well then, not one will I learn!"

Whereupon his Master jumped down from his platform and rapped him sharply three times on the head. "You Monkey, what will you learn if not these?" he cried, and departed angrily into his cave.

But the Monkey King understood more than was expected. He took the three raps to mean

the third watch at night, and at that time he came to his Master's cave and waked him.

"Ah," thought the philosopher Lao Tsŭ; "what a rare creature I have here!"—and turning to the Monkey said: "Well, here is the secret:

"The Manifested and the Unmanifested are together one;
This is the Key of the Mysteries.
The true nature within us no training can touch;
All that Search can grasp is our own true nature.
Dare not display your hidden, mighty powers.
A great treasure is the ear-whispered tradition!
Cast off evil desire and shine in purity;
Bathe in the moon's beauty in your high chamber.
The Moon holds the Jewel Hare,
The Sun his golden messenger the Crow.
On Earth are seen the Tortoise and the Snake
Woven and bound together.
Thus is all nature complementary.
In the fire of the spirit we plant
The Golden Lotus,
Seizing the five elements, earth, water, fire, air, and ether
We use their opposing powers.
And this understood we are Buddhas
And true companions of Lao-Tsŭ."

"And never," he added, "divulge this to any one."

So Sun the Searcher learnt the great secret of immortality and Buddhahood, and found that as the gods sell everything at a fair price, there were three great trials which he must undergo before he could realise its true value in the subjugation of old age and disease and death. This

exposition of the Taoist philosophy of the complements and its application, mingling as it does the Taoist and Buddhist symbols with the underlying principle of Mahayana Buddhist, the perfect unity of the Absolute, is truly brilliant. Here we have the doctrine of the pairs of opposites—that light cannot exist without darkness, right without wrong, and love without hatred, until the point of perfect perception is reached beyond all good and evil which realises the universe as one. To this the viewpoint of Western science is steadily verging, and it is the teaching of Jnana in India, Chan in China, and Zen in Japan.

But this exposition is not only brilliant in itself but amazing also in its occurrence in this book, which has been and still is the delight of the people of the Far East, and as well known, if not better, than the "Pilgrim's Progress" is in the West. It is as though these nations, like the Greeks of old, expected a substance and a depth of philosophy and culture in their amusements very unlike the surface pleasures of the present-day West, which, though technically perfect, seem to have lost all contact with that central pivot of life. It is interesting too, in that much it contains was part of the "ear-whispered" instructions handed down from teacher to pupil for long generations in the East, for it was considered, and still is, that it is too dangerous to permit these esoteric truths to become known

until the world can safely use them, and for that reason they were not committed to writing.

To avoid these trials the old philosopher instructed the Monkey in seventy-two magic mysteries, pledging him never to reveal them to the unworthy or to display them vainly. Their immediate effect upon the physical body of the Monkey is worthy of note. His body tingled. The mantrams of India were often composed especially with a view to producing certain sound vibrations, and this practice was also in use in China. Even in the West sound waves and vibrations have been exploited with marvellous success in the fields of radio and allied sciences, and have already reached perfection miraculous to the uninitiate.

Studying devotedly under the Master of the Way the Monkey became proficient in all the arts of magic, learning to overcome elemental forces of the world, to ride the clouds, and to transform his shape at will. But the day came that he was tempted to make a vain display of power, and as a consequence he was compelled to return to his own Monkey people for safety, like a man who has attempted too much and must retreat to a less dizzy height. The parable here is as fine as it is obvious.

But the Cave behind the Waterfall Curtain was not the paradise he had left ; his tribes were now preyed upon by enemies and unable to

defend themselves. Here he was able to turn his magic to account, and once again they settled down to quiet happiness, and listened to the story of his adventures. In conclusion he added:

"And one thing more for rejoicing in is that we have a family name—my surname is Sun, and my personal name is the Searcher of Secrets."

"Hurrah!" cried all the monkeys; "we all have a name now! The King is the honourable Ancestor, and we are his family!"

> "One family are we now
> All adopted in Heaven's name!"

In his desire to protect his people the Monkey King introduced the use of wood, and in that stage the race entered the Age of Wood. Of course this proved insufficient, and then metal is sought, and they have reached the Age of Metals, in which we ourselves still live, although with us it is rapidly passing, and we are entering a new era through the harnessing of the universal forces. But neither wood nor iron could satisfy the Monkey King. His four Elder Statesmen advised him to visit the Dragon King, for Dragons in China always represent the elemental forces. "Ask him for a weapon," they advised; "he may be able to give you just what you desire."

Under the waters of the Eastern Sea the

Monkey King sped to the Palace of Crystal, where the Dragon King lay coiled in its shining depths. By luck he beguiled the old Dragon out of a marvellous club rejoicing in the name of "As You Choose It," which swelled to enormous size or dwindled to the size of a needle at will, which the Monkey could keep in his ear! Gold armour and magic sandals were his next quest, and these he extorted from the brothers of the old King, and then rushed off home, shouting over his shoulder:

"And now whistle as long as you like!"

These attributes so won of course represent the various conquests of man's intellect such as we see about ourselves to-day—the conquest of the air—though perhaps rather different from what the author imagined—the wielding of the immense world forces, and beyond these the Cosmic forces which move the sun and the other stars. But naturally the sober elementals resented this insolence. Wrathful and speechless with indignation their only resort was to memorialise the Pure Land, and a memorial was accordingly prepared, while Sun, the breaker of the peace, returned to his people with his treasures, and in joyous security passed his days in feasting and riotous living.

Surely this is a delightful picture of the twentieth century having a good time with the forces of nature as slaves?

However, one day, having drunk too much coco-nut wine he dropped asleep, and dreamed that two officials approached to take him before Yen Lo, the dark god Pluto, or the Indian Yamaraja, the Judge of the Dead, who presides over all the Buddhist Underworld as the Celestial Emperor presides over the Pure Land. His indignation was furious, and he attacked the officials and seized the Book of Life, scoring out his own name and all the monkey-names he could find and, turning to leave the City of the Dead, stumbled and awoke.

The dream—like other dreams—appears to have had reactions. The Officials of the Hells were in a terrible plight: the Monkey King and his tribe were alive, and yet there was no record of them in the books, and utter confusion reigned in the lower regions, and at last they also memorialised Heaven, which certainly had a good deal to consider in this new revolt of man on his upward way. It so happened that the Dragons and the Officials of the Lower World presented their memorials to the Buddha Amitabha at the same time. After much consideration and in the interests of peace it was decided to invite the Monkey King to visit Heaven.

The Great Golden White Star (Venus), a noted preceptor of demons and such, was deputed messenger, and there is an amusing interval of

buffooning for the groundlings, when the Monkey, who is an adept at travelling through the clouds, arrives at the gate of the Pure Land before the Celestial Messenger, the mind of man outstripping in its speed the very gods and planets and springing across the abyss to the Absolute in the twinkling of an eye. Arrived, the Monkey was in a fury—Why was he refused entrance ? How dared they ? But he was compelled to wait, and when the Shining Star arrived the gates opened and they traversed the Pure Land :

> " Glorious light in myriad rays,
> Thousand forms of radiant cloud.
> Gold and silver were the Courts
> Decked with flowers fit for gods ! "

Heaven indeed ! But as the Monkey King was but newly risen from the ranks his manners greatly scandalised the Celestial Officials, and he was appointed to the only position vacant—which was also the lowest of the low—Master of the Imperial Stables.

And now the Mind of Man, finding itself in a new atmosphere, ignorant of values, walks with care at first—all is well. But not when familiarity has bred contempt. Two weeks passed in pursuance of his duties, and then one day he discovered that he had no official rank—Heaven had not really troubled its head about his grandeur. Insult added to injury ! He left

Heaven in a rage and returned to his own people. Two weeks in Heaven—ten years on earth—time is only relative and in truth static.

Although the Monkey King pretended scorn in truth he was sore with shame. He adopted a new title—"The Great Holy One, the Equal of Heaven." But he had shouldered responsibilities in the Celestial Regions that were not easily discarded.

His truancy was reported to the Emperor, and he was given an opportunity to make good, and in the Eternal Counsel his absurd pretensions were again overlooked, and he was invited for a second time to return to Heaven. High honour was paid him, and although such a title was never heard of before, he was appointed "The Great Holy One, the Equal of Heaven," and his dwelling was a mansion close to the Peach Orchard of Immortality. His delight in his new position was unbounded; at last he felt himself to be:

> "God in rank and life eternal,
> Never more to tread the circle
> Of rebirth and mortal life."

CHAPTER II

THE MONKEY KING IN PARADISE

THE first picture of the Western Paradise is seen through the greedy eyes of the Monkey King as he viewed with satisfaction its fleshly enjoyments. Though it seems childishly lavish, it may be remembered that Western ideas of heaven are also a little dated, and that in modern circles radios are infinitely preferred to harps. Yet, even in the West, man has painted that country as the realisation of his hopes and ideals, lower and higher as the case may be, and its perfections have not been left entirely to the imaginations of the Orient. On the other side of the world from China St. Brandan, gazing over the wild Atlantic, beheld it in the purple mists of sunset—happy islands untouched by old age and death. Centuries before St. Brandan Ulysses had sailed like other heroes to the West and Unknown to follow knowledge like a sinking star ; while to the Indians of North America it was the Happy Hunting-Grounds. It is because of these variations that the Western Paradise has been the little ox-cart of the Buddha's parable,

enticing men to leave the House of Destruction for the goal of the Infinite. But it is a heaven which can only satisfy man for a time, for in him is the nostalgia of the Infinite, and this is but the wayside inn where the weary may rest before pushing on.

Not long ago in China I came across this exquisitely jewelled description of the Chinese conception, and it matches well with the golden New Jerusalem of the Semites.

"In the Western Paradise the lake shore is of porcelain set with the Seven Jewels. The green fields are starred with flowers of the four colours. Water with the Eight Virtues ripples with purity. It satisfies all hunger and thirst. Near the shore are high storied palaces, with deep carving ornamenting their eaves, and balustrades graved in emerald and inlaid with cornelian. Above the doors are high lintels of gold and crystal, and the palaces gleam and sparkle eternally."

A paradise in which a modern collector of *objets d'art* would delight! And the author with subtle irony has picked out its pleasures—so human and personal! The ravishing banquets which Chinese epicures might delight in abound—dragons' liver, bears' feet, monkeys' lips, and who has tasted anything half so rare as phœnix marrow? Nor is wine forgotten. What wonder that even the attendants linger lovingly about

these feasts like flies, heavy with gloating. Nor are the epicures his sole care; for those who would have life as long as immortality there are magic pills and peaches. Fair handmaidens are not lacking, for the Queen of Heaven is surrounded by bands of exquisite nymphs, and indeed, it was over-familiarity with one of them that cost poor Chu the Pig his seat in Heaven and resulted in his exile. It is perhaps more a paradise for the Chinese gentleman than for his wife, although it must be owned that fair hermits and female divinities are not unknown in its streets. The author's sure touch in depicting this intimate heaven of man's desire is astonishing.

It is hardly to be expected that in such surroundings the Monkey King could long preserve his virtue—still weak on its hind-legs. He had been appointed Guardian of the Peach Orchard of Immortality, and for a few weeks was a model of propriety. But it inevitably followed that he betrayed his trust, devoured the Peaches, gorged upon the celestial delicacies, and became stupidly intoxicated with the drink divine.

Then utter terror of himself and all his doings seized him. Fear of the consequences terrified him into flight.

"If the Celestial Ruler is disturbed I fear for my life. Let me go—go—go! It is better for me to be a King of Apes on earth!"

Again he fled to his Apes, but this time with a

knowledge of wrong-doing. Clearly the Great Holy One was neither fit for men nor gods, too strong for humanity, too weak for deity; poised uncomfortably between. What use to conquer all earthly elements if he were to be cursed with the heart of the Ape all his life—and was the terror of death to haunt him night and day? Again, though in Heaven time had fled in such happiness that only six months had passed, yet on earth it was a hundred years since he had left his people, and earth was impossibly miserable to him after his taste of heaven. Sorrow is an eternity while joy flashes past like a star.

"This is wretched stuff!" he cried, when his monkeys brought him a bowl of his once-beloved coco-nut wine. "There is no wine like that of Immortality—it is magnificent! I will return to bring you some, and then you shall each be immortal!"

Away he sprang, mounting the clouds, and stole great jars, to the delight of the monkeys. The thirst of the soul that has once tasted that wine can be quenched by no other.

The Divinities had been insulted, and his iniquities were heaped to overflowing. From north and south, east and west, Heavenly Hosts rallied to avenge them, gathering like the Angels of God when Lucifer was cast out of Heaven. The battalions of the Stars surrounded his Cave of the Garden behind the Waterfall and challenged him:

"Where is the Great Holy One! Where is he? We are the Heavenly Hosts sent to drag him to judgment!"

But the Monkey King was more than their equal, and the Heavenly Hosts retired discomfited, but again returned to the charge, and then terrific battles ensued. It was during these battles that Kwanyin, the Incarnation of Mercy of the Buddhas, first extended her mercy to erring man. In Japan she is known as Kwannon, and in India as Avalokitesvara. In the West her prototype is the Virgin with the Child, and in ancient Egypt she was Isis with the child Osiris. Being divine she is in truth above sex, and manifests as male or female, but it is as a beautiful woman with draperies flowing like running water about her slender figure and her face a mask of infinite sweet compassion she is most loved. Her names and titles are countless, for she is the most blessed of all the Bodhisattvas, so that the legends of her deeds are as many as her devotees, and it is this graciousness that sanctifies many temples both in China and Japan. She is easily known, for in her hand she carries a chalice of pure water and a willow spray, or in her arms a child, while sometimes she bears a fish in a little basket as the symbol of purity. The invocations to her are particularly beautiful, and each of the thirty-three Places of Kwannon in Japan has its own song of praise:

"O Thou who rejoicest in kindness having its source in compassion!
O Thou great Cloud of Virtue and Benevolent Mind!
Thou that quenchest the fire troubling living beings,
Pouring out nectar, the rain of the Law."

Now she was ready to reduce the evil strength of the Monkey to that of a child by pouring over him the waters of compassion, but her victory with the Monkey was not yet—so she waited while sterner qualities worked upon his primitive nature. He was snared with the Diamond Circle of horror which had transformed the Huns into Buddhas, and when that onslaught of calamity, blood, and ruin overwhelmed him, he could struggle no more. Subdued and dejected he was at last captured and brought to the Western Paradise for judgment.

His sentence was Death. But how to execute it? He was immortal beyond all deaths by sword or hatchet. Thunder-gods rolled their thunder in vain, and the fire of the planets could not scorch him. His spirit still defied the Absolute. Shut into the crucible of pain for forty-nine days he endured anguish, but when it was opened on the last day he sprang out, a furious beast, and still utterly defiant:

"This history of the Ape is a deep parable.
Man is the Great Holy One and Heaven's peer,
But for this the Horse and the Ape, the heart and mind, must be subdued.
For true life there is one Law—
Even that Man must be one with the Buddha."

Wild with rage he tore through the Heavens, shrieking blasphemies until at last the Lord Buddha, Shakyamuni himself, was requested to subdue this strange creature, swollen with the magic of illusion and yet with the fire of Immortal Life burning within him :

> " Like the Jewel of the Lotus swords cannot hurt it.
> It can be good or ill as chance commands.
> Doing evil transforms it to a hairy demon.
> Turning to good transforms it to a God."

The sight of the Buddha produced another storm of fury—" Who are you—where do you come from ? " shrieked the Monkey, breaking into a wild battle-song :

> " I practised all arts to be immortal,
> Hating the poor span of human life.
> I fixed my heart on joining the divine Gods.
> If others have succeeded, why not I ? "

With untroubled calm the Buddha replied : " What do you desire ? How do you dare to upset the peace of the Pure Land and call yourself the Great Holy One, the Equal of Heaven ? For fifteen hundred kalpas the Ruler of Heaven has continued his self-sacrifice—and you—you are not yet a man. I shall cut down your years—and command you to repent, or you will certainly meet annihilation."

" That is all very fine," returned the defiant Monkey King. " But the Ruler of Heaven has

been ruler for such a long time that he should let someone else rule for a change! I shall be ruler next year, and if I am not I will certainly make trouble in Heaven. By my magic I can outlive all kalpas, and with one leap can cover a thousand *li* on the clouds. Why should I not sit on the throne of Heaven?"

This is another interesting feature of the Buddhist heavens. The titles of Celestial Emperor and other official ranks may be held by many, for they are but states, and their occupant is more a viceroy than a divinity.

"Suppose you try your skill," replied the Buddha. "Here is the palm of my hand. Since you have such skill in leaping through the clouds, try to leap out of it. If you can, then certainly I will acknowledge you the Equal of Heaven, and the Celestial Emperor will yield up his throne and depart. But if you fail—you will have to descend and practise virtue for a thousand kalpas before you come back again."

"Easy! Certainly I will show you!" cried the Monkey, thinking to himself—"This Buddha must be a great fool! Jump out of his palm? It is not one foot, and I can jump eighteen thousand *li* at once!"

And he jumped lightly on to the outstretched palm of the Buddha and cried—"I am going!"

It seemed to him that he sped far, far through the clouds, on, and on, and on, like the breath

of a whirlwind. Suddenly he saw before him five pillars, and beyond them darkness. "This is the end," he thought; "and here I suppose I had better leave some token of my victory." So on one column he wrote "The Great Holy One, the Equal of Heaven, has travelled thus far," and on the second pillar he left stinking monkey marks, and then he returned through illimitable distance.

"I have been away and come back. Command the Celestial Emperor to yield his throne to me!"

With his impenetrable calm the Buddha replied:

"You have never left my hand!"

There on the base of one finger were the stinking monkey marks and on the other the inscription—"The Great Holy One, the Equal of Heaven, has travelled thus far." So man may rush through space, he may dare the Dawn and the Sunset, but still he is within the circumference of the Infinite. Fear struck at the heart of the Great Holy One, for this was beyond understanding, and in the unknown there is always fear.

"Yes," he muttered—"these are true—but can it be a magic I do not understand? Can one foretell things? No. I do not believe it. Wait, I will go there once more to see!"

But the Buddha closed his hand, and the

Monkey King was thrown out of the Pure Land and imprisoned under a mountain of five pillars there to suffer his punishment. And for greater protection the Buddha placed over him a charm with the sacred mantram "Aum Mani Padme Hum"—"Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus" written on it, and nothing could break its might.

Then the Buddha returned to his monks on the Peak of Vultures where he sat in life, and still sits in all the metaphysical treatises of Mahayana Buddhism, and there he prophesied the final deliverance of the Monkey when his punishment had done its work. So under the heavy weight of oppression, unable to stir beneath his torment, the Monkey waited long centuries till the coming of the Master should procure his release.

CHAPTER III

AN EMPEROR VISITS THE UNDERWORLD

PREPARATION is now made for the entry of the Master of the pilgrimage whose prototype was the famous Chinese monk Hiuen Tsiang, the Master of the Law.

From the Paradise of the Celestials the path swerves downward to the Underworld, in the illustrious company of the Emperor T'ai Tsung of China. In this way the author links the parable of the Monkey mind with this great Buddhist pilgrim of China and the beautiful festival of the Buddhist All Souls'. Moreover the Underworld forms a contrast to the Western Paradise, and is a source of fearful delight to his readers. The Emperor T'ai Tsung, as the hero of this experience, is of interest as a composite character drawn from two great Chinese Buddhist emperors. The author transported the Emperor T'ai Tsung of the T'ang Dynasty body and soul from the pages of Hiuen Tsiang's records, and called his own creation by the same name. With equal adroitness he used the dream which the Emperor Wu of Liang is said to have experienced

and the tradition which ascribes to him the founding of the Buddhist Festival of All Souls'.

China is the first descent on the path from the Pure Land.

The Buddha in his great compassion for the ignorance and suffering of human beings, determined to send the Mahayana scriptures to them. Kwanyin, as the Incarnation of Mercy and his chosen emissary, then descended to China to find a man, generous enough, who would undertake the perilous journey to Heaven and return with these books to mankind. Even for the Bodhisattva the way from the Western Paradise to the earth below was beset with dangers from demons who obstructed her way. Three of them and the Monkey King she reclaimed on condition that they should become servants to the Master who accepted the quest of the books. The first demon was the Monk Sand, or the temperament, the next was the Pig Chu, or the desires and lusts of the flesh, while the third was a Dragon whom she saved from death on condition that he should become a white horse and carry the Master's baggage. The Dragon Horse with his vice of impatience represents the Heart of man.

Soon after her conversion of the Heart she passed by the Five Elements Mountain where the Monkey King was imprisoned under the script of "Aum Mani Padme Hum." He could feel her gentle presence and cried:

"O Merciful One! Here have I lain for five hundred years, and the length of each day has been as a year! Have mercy upon me, that I may be released and lead a new life!"

A new cry indeed for the Monkey! But the Mountain of Sorrow had done its work well, and Kwanyin promised that the Master should bring him release—on condition that he should serve him. Even this come-down the Monkey accepted with gratitude, and then Kwanyin pressed on to China.

Soon after her arrival at Ch'ang-an—the capital of the great T'ang dynasty of China—the Emperor was taken seriously ill, and shortly afterwards died. And here the path makes its final descent to the Buddhist Underworld.

This Underworld is conceived as an unhappy state in contrast to the happiness of the Western Paradise. It has the same limitations of form and time. The misery experienced depends entirely on those who dwell in its dark regions. It is not hell in the Christian sense, as the Western Paradise is not Heaven, for it is not a place of eternal punishment, nor does it confine itself only to the wicked. Rather it is a clearing-station for stages of life through which the dead pass many times on the pilgrimage to Nirvana. Yet it cannot be called Purgatory, for the agonies endured are not imposed by a higher Justice. They are self-imposed and self-administered

experiences to bend the transgressor into harmony with life and thus to final union with the One.

In this lies its great difference from all other conceptions of unhappy after-death states, whether they be Biblical or classical. In Mahayana philosophy these miseries, the executioners and the body of pain of the sufferer, are but creations of his mind. The culprit is his own judge and gaoler, and the Counsels for the prosecution and defence are both in the consciousness of the accused. When the mind of the dead overcomes and dissipates these self-created phantoms they cease to be. Thus in the Buddhist conception of hell there can be no fleeing for ever on the accursed air as in the hell of Dante. In this connection the Tibetan Book of the Dead, translated by Dr. Evans Wentz, has an enlightening passage on these after-death experiences :

" Thy body being a mental body is incapable of dying even though beheaded and quartered. In reality thy body is of the nature of voidness ; thou needest not to be afraid. The Lords of Death are thine own hallucinations. Thy body is a body of propensities, and voidness cannot injure voidness ; the qualityness cannot injure the qualityness."

As in the case of the Western Paradise in this book the hells are also depicted in Chinese colours.

Yen-lo, the Chinese Judge of the Dead, is no more permanent than the Celestial Emperor; he too vacates his place for another as phantom succeeds phantom in the mind of the deceased. He is a famous figure in other places than China. In India he is Yama-raja, in Japan Ema-O. To the Christian world he is the Just Judge, and to the Greeks he was Pluto. His symbols are the scales of justice and the Mirror of Memory. In the orderly mind of China Yen-lo is a person of high official rank, his residence a palace worthy of such a ruler, and his attendants are princes and officials of lesser rank. The dominion of this authority is bounded on one side by the waters of death and on the other by those of eternal life, for the two having but one source are in reality the same.

Just before the Emperor's death his Minister of Justice had thoughtfully presented him with an introduction to a friend in the Underworld, a judge named Tsui, asking him to use his influence so that the Emperor might return from the place of death and resume his duties on earth:

> "A hundred years run like a stream,
> And our affairs sweep on with it.
> Yesterday as fair as peach-blossoms,
> To-day—the melting snows of age."

Now it is told how the spirit of the Emperor T'ai Tsung mysteriously left his body and passed in front of the Five Phœnix Gate and to a great

plain beyond, suitably escorted by a great body of huntsmen. Suddenly he found himself alone in a great wilderness of the Unknown. Then in the far distance he heard a voice—"Emperor of the Great T'ang Dynasty, come this way!" He then noticed that before him knelt a man with an ivory tablet in his hand apologising to him with the delightful Chinese formality which persists in even these uncomfortable circumstances.

"I pray your Majesty to forgive me for being late in coming to meet you!"

"Your name?" asked the Emperor.

"Your humble officer when living on earth was once Vice-President of the Board of Ceremonies. His surname is Tsui, and now he is judge of the Feng Tu Office in the City of the Dead, and realising your Majesty would arrive to-day he has come to meet you."

The Emperor was greatly delighted, and recognised the name at once. He presented the letter of introduction from Justice Wei-Wei, which Mr. Tsui opened and read:

"From the Court of Justice of the Great Capital, I beg to present this letter to my Elder Brother, Mr. Tsui.

"Formerly we were intimate, and your face and voice are still before me. But several years have now passed, and I have had no opportunity of receiving from you more instruction, but in my dreams I receive your advice, and thus know

you have been highly promoted. Alas, that we are separated from each other by the great gulf of life and death and cannot see each other face to face! Now, because my Emperor has gone from the living, his case will be brought before the Courts of the Dead, and he is sure to meet you. I beg you to remember a thousand times our former friendship, and so devise some means by which my Emperor will be restored to earth again without great inconvenience, for which I shall be eternally grateful to you."

Judge Tsui was enchanted to hear from his old friend, and promised the Emperor to do his best. Just then an invitation from Yen-Lo, the Chief Justice of the Underworld, arrived, and escorted by Tsui the Emperor entered the great City through the Gate of Ghosts. On their way to the Palace of Yen Lo the Emperor had a very unpleasant encounter with his father and two brothers, who accused him of hurrying them out of life, but as Judge Tsui had them arrested he went on in safety.

They soon came to the Palace, which amazed him with its beauty, for it was roofed with jade and built of precious stones. In front of it were a pair of lamps, and behind them waited the ten Princes of the City who welcomed him most respectfully, insisting that he should take precedence in entering the Sun Lo Hall, where his case would be thoroughly gone into.

It seemed there had been a confused accusation owing to the mistaken execution of a Dragon, and it was he who had lodged a complaint against the Emperor. This had cut the Emperor down in his prime and summoned him to these regions. The Book of Life was brought out in the course of the investigations, and Judge Tsui appointed to consult it. Imagine his horror when he reached the imperial docket!—the Emperor had already fulfilled his appointed reign of thirteen years, and it was time that he should die. He thought rapidly. The Chinese character is easily altered, and one stroke of his brush made it thirty-three. He then passed the record to Yen Lo.

"Your Majesty need not be at all anxious," said Yen Lo after reading it carefully; "you have twenty more years to reign on earth, and as we have thoroughly sifted this matter of the Dragon you may return to earth. Executioner Chao and Judge Tsui shall act as your guides, and now you may depart in peace."

Various civilities were exchanged, and the Emperor promised to send a present of Southern melons, as it was impossible to secure that delicacy in that regrettable climate, and after once more thanking Yen Lo he started on his return journey.

The way was dark and the Emperor nervous.

"Surely we have lost our way," he cried; "this is not the way we came!"

"Of course not," returned Judge Tsui; "there is only one way to reach the Underworld from the world of men and no return by it. Now we must take your Majesty through this place for two reasons. First, in order that you may instruct your people about it on your return, and secondly that you may escape rebirth in another body."

Now they journeyed past a dark mountain, clouds wrapping its foot-hills in mist—the chilly side of the Shadow of Death. Beyond were many courts, and on both sides came sounds of agony.

"What is this place?" he shuddered.

"These are the hells behind the dark mountain —fearful places! There is the hell of hanging by the muscles, the dark mad hell, the deep furnaces, the tongue-pulling place, the dark hell, and the balancing hell for murder to get gain, or scheming, or for cruelty to animals, and killing creatures. There are eighteen, all different and designed to fit the sin."

At last they came to three bridges, the first golden, the second silver, and the third called the Bridge of Despair, where bitter winds wailed and the blood froze. It stretched for more than a mile over deep waters a thousand feet below, and its three narrow planks shook in the wind. Demons haunted it, seeking to snatch poor souls trembling along it, ready to plunge them into

the agony below. The steep sides of this river were lined with trees hung with the bodies of concubines who had quarrelled with their mistresses, and on the steep precipices crouched daughters-in-law in eternal fear who had not respected their mothers-in-law—a pointed touch from the Confucian ethics of the period. This River of Despair exceeds in its Chinese grimness the anguish Christian experienced in Doubting Castle from his gaoler Giant Despair.

Across the Bridge they came to the City of the Dead who died Unjustly. He could hear them shouting his own name—his !—and trembled, shuddering with fear as a company rushed down upon him.

"Our lives! Our lives!" they howled; "restore us our lives!"

"Save me! Save me!" he shrieked to Judge Tsui.

The Judge took it quite calmly: "It is only money they need," he comforted the Emperor; "and I know where you can borrow a great treasure acquired here by one of your subjects. Arrangements can be immediately made for its distribution."

This satisfied them, and the Emperor was permitted to go on.

At the Six Roads to Rebirth the Judge instructed him strictly:

"Do not forget what you see, but tell it to

your people when you return. Remember carefully—the first is the road of the good who ascend in their progress, the next the road of the faithful who are reborn in the way of the honourable—the filial are reborn on the road of happiness, and the righteous are born among men, the virtuous reappear among the rich, but the bad must walk the road of the demons to hell."

He then led the Emperor along the path of rebirth to honour, and bowing, said to him:

"Your Majesty, this is your way of return. I regret that I personally am unable to accompany you any farther, but the Executioner will go one stage more with you. I have one more thing to say—when you return to earth, on no account forget to found a great society for all who have perished on land or sea"—then quoting the Confucian ethic—"If all evils are redressed and men instructed to be good all people shall enjoy happiness and there will be no complaints even in hell"—he paid his respects to the Emperor and left him to continue the return journey to life.

The Executioner and the Emperor now mounted a horse, which shot off like an arrow, and they soon arrived at the banks of the Wei River (Styx), where the Executioner must also take leave. In the waters were a pair of golden carp playing with such grace and beauty that the Emperor delayed to watch them until at last

the Executioner, becoming impatient, gave the horse a kick, shouting:

"Why do you not go? What are you waiting for?"

The startled horse plunged into the river, and thus it was that the Emperor left the Underworld and returned to the world of living men.

Altogether he had been absent for three days and nights, and his body lay in his coffin in Imperial state, surrounded by his ministers and family. Suddenly, to their great consternation, he revived, as if waking from a dream of drowning. In a few days he was completely recovered.

But the memory of his experience with death remained with him, and it was because of this that a Buddhist monk was selected to go to the Western Paradise to secure the promised Mahayana Scriptures for the further instruction of men. Nor did the Emperor forget Judge Tsui's injunction to remember all those who had perished on land and sea, for he founded the festival which might easily be called the Buddhist All Souls.

Only last summer (1929) I was present at this service on Mount Koya, the holy mountain of the Shingon Buddhists in Japan. From all over Japan chief monks of this school came to join in the celebration, and in their gorgeous brocaded robes they made a glittering procession through the sunny morning to the Hall of Ritual.

It was a beautiful service of deep chants and the offering of flowers and incense, the time marked by the clear voice of a bell and the strong clash of cymbals. This celebration is known as Sui-li in China, and its traditional founder is the Emperor Wu of Liang. Be the founder who he may, the spirit and the ritual are sheer beauty, and the high hall and grave monks might have been a mirage reflected from the Western Paradise.

CHAPTER IV

THE MASTER PILGRIMS

FOR the inspiration of the conscious half of the pilgrimage of man to Buddhahood, the author turned to the great Chinese pilgrim of the seventh century—Hiuen Tsiang. With keen insight he saw Hiuen Tsiang as the prototype of man on the mighty pilgrimage to Buddhahood. Was not his pilgrimage the parallel of man's own through life? Were not his invincible determination and selfless ambition to bring to China the books of the Buddhist Scriptures the embodied principles of the Bodhisattva? And were not the very books themselves for which he travailed the knowledge with which the Bodhisattvas would free all men from the bonds of ignorance? And which of the heroes of Buddhist China was of such sweet piety, so adventurous a spirit, so learned, such a gentleman, and withal so lovable as Hiuen Tsiang?

Therefore in Hiuen Tsiang he beheld the pilgrimage of all men, the true nature driven by hard paths to the stars, served and obstructed by four self-created elements—the Intellect, the

Lusts and Desires of the Flesh, the Heart, faithful as a burden-bearing horse, and the Temperament which he personified as the Monk Sand. And so he turned to Hiuen Tsiang, for the Master of these four elemental disciples, as before he had turned to the Buddhist symbol of the Monkey to personify the mind of man, and to the symbol of the Pig to typify the Lusts.

To this end he utilised the classic record of Hiuen Tsiang's journey to the Buddha-lands of India—"Records of the Journey to the Western World." With a stroke of the brush he subtly transformed the title to "The Records of the Journey to the Western Paradise," making it his own. He embroidered the adventures with allegorical demons and virtues to suit the popular taste, but in spite of these embellishments it is still possible to recognise and name many of them. As the Monk Hiuen Tsiang had a most illustrious family tree, so also must the Master of the Journey to the Western Paradise, and therefore with great ingenuity he invented a series of marvellous events which led to the Emperor's choice of the Master as a suitable envoy to the Western Paradise. In truth, Hiuen Tsiang himself was less fortunate, as he escaped from China in the midst of wars and disturbances which had left the Emperor little opportunity to remember the subtler shades of life, and so it was in very humble guise he started

upon his journey. Among the records is a description of him by one of his pupils, and it is interesting to meet the man in whom (through the interpretation of Wu Ch'eng-en) China and the Far East were to see the Prototype of man. In its stately periods it is full of the dignity of old China:

"In him were joined sweetness and virtue. These roots combined, and deeply planted produced fruits rapidly. The source of his wisdom was deep, and wonderfully it increased. At his opening life he was rosy as the evening vapours and rounded as the rising moon. As a boy he was sweet as the odour of cinnamon or the vanilla tree. When he grew up he thoroughly mastered the books of history; the nine islands were filled with his renown, and the five prefectures resounded with his praise.

"At early dawn he studied the true and the false, and through the night shone forth his goodness; the mirror of his wisdom, fixed on the true receptacle, remained fixed. He considered the limits of life, and was permanently satisfied that the vermilion ribbon and violet silk tassels are but pleasing bonds that keep one attached to the world, but the precious car and the red pillow (Buddhist symbols for the Law) are the means of crossing the ford and escaping the world. Wherefore he put away from him the pleasures of the senses, and spoke of finding

refuge in some hermit retreat. He was as a dragon or elephant in his own generation, and as a falcon or crane he soared above those to come. The Master of the Law was diligent in his labour as a student, he lost not a moment of time, and by his studies he rendered his teachers illustrious, and was an ornament to his place of study. His qualities were rightly balanced, and he caused the perfume of his fame to extend through the home of his adoption. Whip raised, he travelled on his even way. He mastered the nine divisions of books, and swallowed the lake (acquired a vast erudition). His fame spread wide among eminent men."

His decision to make the perilous journey to India is described in the Records as follows; from which one may judge how great was the need for a new and standard version of the Buddhist Scriptures in China:

"The schools were mutually contentious; they hastened to grasp the end without regarding the beginning; they seized the flower and rejected the reality; so there followed the contradictory teaching of the North and the South, and the confused sounds of "Yes!" and "No!" perpetually. On this he was afflicted at heart, and fearing lest he should be unable to find out completely the errors of translations he proposed to re-examine the writing of the Buddha."

Here, then, is the man who journeyed so

intrepidly to his great end, and the inspiration which lighted him through the long years. And even as this Master of the Indian journey turned towards the West on leaving the capital, so did the Master in this Buddhist Pilgrim's Progress.

He started for the Western Paradise, accompanied by his own white horse to carry his few possessions and the gifts the Emperor had presented him, and like Hiuen Tsiang it was not until the Chinese Empire was far behind that he encountered the greatest and most perilous adventures. Those of first consequence were the meetings with his four disciples—Sun the Monkey, now humbled and glad to serve him; the Pig Chu—whom he renamed Pa Kiei, Eight Commandments; the White Dragon Horse, who had impatiently gobbled the worthy bearer of burdens; and the last of the disciples, the Monk Sand. At his meeting with Sun the Monkey, now renamed Sun the Practical, there is a poetic exposition of Buddhist philosophy introduced into the text, which is incidentally also an exposition of modern physics:

"The Buddha is Mind and Mind is the Buddha!
Since Mind and Buddha could not be but one,
From this you learn that there is no substantiality in all the world;
And also understand the Beyond Mind.
For the eternal Buddha *as it is*—
The Buddha of the Body of the Law—is beyond image,
A circled shining jewel reflecting all aspects!

The formless Body is the only true body :
It is not 'things' nor 'nothingness' nor yet 'not-nothingness' ;
It goes not, nor comes, nor returns.
It is not other or the same ;
Neither existent nor non-existent.
Hard to cast aside, hard to grasp,
Hard to hear.

The light of the Spirit within and without
Is ever and everywhere one.
In a grain of sand is a Buddha Country,
And in a grain the chiliocosm.
Man with his mind and body is also one with All.
To realise this he must hold the Key
Of that which is beyond the intellect.
To be neither hurried nor delayed is pure action !
And endless are the changes of good and evil.
This is the meaning of 'Take refuge in the Gotama Buddha !—He who has thus come ! ' "

Surely a wonderful statement of philosophy outshining all personal hells and heavens and deities in its ultimate truth. It should be compared with Professor Eddington's *résumé* of modern science in his concluding chapters of "The Nature of the Physical World" if its full scope is to be realised. The lesson that man with mind and body is One with All had to be daily learnt by the Master and his four servants and by all men until, in transcending the plane of the personal, they attained to that of the impersonal.

As a check to any wildness of the monkey-fitfulness of the intellect, a spiked cap pressing

tortures upon the brain of the wearer when necessary (the symbol of the pricking conscience) was given to the unwilling Monkey Sun. Nor must he put it aside until he had attained to Buddhahood.

Before the other disciples joined them the Master and Sun the Monkey had their first adventures with a tiger and six robbers—Mr. Eye who loved change, Mr. Ear who easily became angry, Mr. Nose who smelt love, Mr. Tongue the Taster, Mr. Thought the coveter, and Mr. Sad the dissatisfied. These gentlemen of the road fell upon the poor Monkey and beat him mercilessly, but with his magic staff "As you wish it," which had been a terror even to the Celestial hosts, he killed them all. These six bandit senses are reminiscent of the many robbers Hiuen Tsiang met on his way, and indeed they have long been a favourite illustration in all religions.

Some time after (like the true pilgrim) they fell in with an old man learned in the way they should follow. In the record of Hiuen Tsiang this man was most discouraging, for he said:

"The Western roads are difficult and bad: sand-streams stretch far and wide; evil sprites and hot winds when they come cannot be avoided; numbers of men travelling together, although so many, are misled and lost; how much rather you, sir, going alone! How can you accomplish such a journey? I pray you weigh the thing

with yourself well and do not trifle with your life."

But to the pilgrims to the Western Paradise the old man was much kinder, instructing them in the philosophy of the Diamond Cutter Scripture, and the three refuges of the Mahayana Buddhists :

" I take refuge in the Buddha,
The Buddha Mind outside which nothing exists.
I take refuge in the Law,
The Law of the Universal Mind.
I take refuge in the Community,
In all those who seek or have attained Buddhahood."

It is most interesting to compare these with the Three Refuges of the Hinayana Buddhists which are more generally known in the West, and which, beautiful in their exquisite human ideal, are definite and therefore bounded, while those of Mahayana Buddhists are Cosmic in their conception, although both are couched in the same terms :

" I take refuge in the Gotama Buddha ;
I take refuge in his Law, the Dhamma ;
I take refuge in the Community, in the Sangha—in all who accept the Dhamma."

The description of the road the pilgrims must take with its symbolic perils and demons to be encountered is delightful :

"You must cross a thousand mountains, and a thousand streams.
When you come to what seems the end of all things
Have no fear but press on.
Close your ears and tread on firm ground.
Beware of the dark Pine Forest!
Fiends and foxes infest that road,
Cunning spirits fill the cities,
Demons abound in the mountains.
Tigers usurp official places,
Leopards keep the records.
A Wild Pig bears the baggage,
A Dragon Horse leads the way;
The old Stone Monkey is no longer full of passion.
Ask that disciple—he knows the way to Heaven!"

To each of the disciples the journey brought their peculiar trials and temptations, of which the Pig Chu, now named Pa Kiei, had his full share. His unfortunate head, with its huge snout and long flapping ears, aroused fear and comment in the villages through which they passed, until the Monkey ingeniously suggested that he should wrap his snout in his bosom and fasten his ears to prevent them from flapping. These precautions somewhat softened his appearance, but his path was still far from easy. Particularly his burden of desire was heavy to bear, and none of the others either would or could relieve him of it, so that he was always more than glad to reach the night's resting-place, and very reluctant to leave it in the morning.

One luckless night they arrived at a house kept by a widow and her three daughters, known to

the world in all times and places—none other than Madam Bubble of the Pilgrim's Progress—she of the pleasant lusts and sensuous comforts. Delighted to see them, she would have them stay with her always.

"For," said she with her broad smile, "none of my daughters are betrothed, and I am myself a widow and rich in lands and cattle. Here are you four men and we four women. Surely it is more sensible to stay comfortably here with us and enjoy these good things than to travel foolishly and for such little gain to the West?"

To all this the Master said not a word, sitting silent as frogs after rain. Pa Kiei, however, much attracted by this comfortable proposition, prodded his Master impatiently: "You must give some answer. This isn't courteous!"

"Monks cannot be moved by these things," answered his Master; "and what is their value?"

The widow smiled again and retorted:

"And what is the good of leaving your homes and becoming priests?" and skilfully improvising a poem on the virtues of worldly well-being she recited:

"Every season of the eight abounds with fresh dainties!
Every night we rest in warm embrace.
How much better than to travel far in search of the Amitabha Buddha!"

Need it be told that here the poor Pa Kiei fell in haste from grace into the slough of sin,

and the next morning in equal haste repented, so that the five pilgrims went on their way with one of their number both sadder and wiser? For some temptations satiety is the beginning of the cure.

This adventure is taken and democratised from an actual one through which the Master of the Law fought bravely, though Madam Bubble was no worldly sensuous female, but the King of Kau-Chang. He so delighted in the company of the venerable monk that he would have kept him always, and pressed him to remain with great offers. When the Master, knowing well their transient value as against the pearl of his quest, refused, the King detained him by force. And, says a record—

"The Master of the Law, seeing that he would be detained by force in opposition to his original design, declared with an oath that he would eat nothing in order to affect the King's heart. So he sat in a grave posture, and during three days he neither ate nor drank; on the fourth day the King, seeing that the Master was becoming fainter and fainter, overcome with shame and sorrow, bowed to the ground before him, and said: 'The Master of the Law has free permission to go to the West! I pray you take a slight morning meal."

But Hiuen Tsiang doubting him, they went together into the presence of the Buddha in the

King's chapel, where he repeated his promise, and then—

"Regarding the Master of the Law as a brother, he gave him free permission to go and seek for the Law. 'But,' he added, 'when you return I request you to stop in this kingdom for three years to receive my offerings; and if in future ages you arrive at the condition of a Buddha, grant that I, like Prasenajita or Bimbasara rajas, may be permitted to protect and patronise you.'"

And then, after entertaining him and dowering him lavishly with necessities for the journey, the King of Kau-Chang sent Hiuen Tsiang on to his Western goal. In the allegory a less subtle form of temptation is chosen for illustration to appeal to the groundlings, and it is well within their understanding and liking.

There is scarcely one adventure in which the Master and his disciples, and specially Sun the Monkey, do not turn to Kwanyin for aid. To her also the original pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang had turned in times of danger, and once when waking in the night he found his foreign guide rising with evil intentions upon him, then—"The Master rose from his mat and repeated some Scripture, and called on Kwanyin Bodhisattva. The foreigner, having seen this, went back and slept." Later, as he crossed the great deserts, enduring torments of thirst and suffering acutely, the name of Kwanyin was ever on his lips, and with that

and reciting the Prajna Paramitra Hridaya Sutra he was able to drive away "all sorts of demon shapes and strange goblins which seemed to surround him behind and before." But for the Master of the Journey to the Western Paradise and his servants Kwanyin herself descended to dispel the fearful phantoms and to help them on their way.

Yet despite this gracious presence many times they met Giant Despair on the road, and very often the way verged upon the Slough of Despond. Once the Monkey King, dismissed by his Master for his hastiness, returned to his old home, thinking that the end had come, and that he should never reach the Promised Land. Sadness and ruin confronted him even in his old home where before had been happiness, and of his old warrior bands only a few timid monkeys remained. Even these were hounded by enemies, and in a truly pitiable condition. He might have been tempted to stay and restore them to their former strength, but the Master (Man), betrayed by the foolishness of Pa Kiei (the Desires), and the Monk Sand (Temperament), was utterly helpless without his Monkey servant (the Mind). He had rapidly degenerated—with the aid of evil demons—into the primitive raging tiger, but with the return of the Monkey King—his Intellect—order was restored, and once more the pilgrims made progress on their way.

In these adventures autumn succeeded spring and spring autumn, and still the foot-hills of the Western Paradise were far distant. The hospitality accorded Hiuen Tsiang was not so freely offered them, and more often than not the Taoist monks whom they met were of the lowest type and in league with the demons. Indeed, on one occasion the Monkey resorted to violence to ensure them a night's lodging. But then, like the other pilgrim, the Master took out his books and read and re-read their precious pages lest he should forget them until, in the moonlight, memories of his old home in China came to him, and for an instant he must wish to be at home again.

CHAPTER V

THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

IN the records of Hiuen Tsiang's journey across the great deserts and through mountain-passes to the Buddha-lands of India are many accounts of the wonders and marvels he beheld, and this pilgrimage through life, so patterned on his own, is richly embroidered with the marvellous. The way to the Western Paradise—and not only in this record—abounds in mysteries and magic—and magic is a word to conjure with. The mastery of magic was not in the Master of the pilgrims, whose interest, like Hiuen Tsiang's, lay in the metaphysical arena of Mahayana, but in the agile, cunning, elastic mind of the Monkey. This disciple was the high-priest of the marvellous. His early training and knowledge of the heaven and hell worlds had given him the key of both Buddhist and Taoist mysteries. Some in this record are symbolical of mental and spiritual attributes, while many are embroideries on the accounts of natural phenomena and curiosities Hiuen Tsiang himself had seen. Yet, in the accounts of both these journeys—indeed,

throughout the Orient—there is recognition of hidden power behind its cheap and flimsy imitations, mighty power manifesting indiscriminately in good or evil according to the desire of the wielder. This knowledge was the peculiar weapon of the Monkey. In his wild ambition he had used it to violate Heaven itself; as loyal servant of the Buddhist Master he wore it as the very shield and buckler of virtue.

Often in this Journey to the Western Paradise the author mocks at the very marvels with which he thrills his audience, forcing their laughter at the strongholds of their own superstitions and relentlessly thrusting with that devastating weapon —comedy. Against both Buddhist and Taoist marvels he waged his war, delighting in mock reverence to the honoured Buddhist script of "Aum Mani Padme Hum," which alone could fetter the Monkey mind. With wonderful skill he used the significance of numbers which has penetrated all religions in one form or another—such as five, the number of the pilgrims, specially sacred to Mahayana Buddhism; eighty-one—the mystery of nine, and the number of the trials to be assayed; also the days associated with the return of man's life from the death world. And the suggestions of the strange after-death states may well fall also into the category of esotericism.

The Taoists supplied the sensation and spectacular magic of the journey much as the wonders of

the desert mirage, and other natural phenomena, supplied those of the Journey to the Western Lands. The old philosopher Lao Tsŭ, the founder of Taoism, had taught the Monkey King to travel on the clouds, and at the magical incantation "Change!" to transform himself into such terrifying apparitions that one might almost imagine oneself across the centuries in the Kingdom of Solomon. By this magic also he could produce a cloud of biting, scratching little monkeys that would attack an enemy like an angered hive. The use of the Magic Circle, so well known to the fairies and witches in the West, was familiar to the Monkey King, and on one celebrated occasion afforded a circle of safety like that in the heart of a cyclone from the storm demons riding the winds. But besides this magic (the expression of his mind) there are detailed other varieties. There is the magic gourd to bottle up a prisoner, a fan to extinguish fire, a rope from which no prisoner can escape, and such marvellous weapons as his own club "As you wish it," which at thought became so small that he carried it in his ear!

The contrast of the Taoist Immortals of the Western Paradise and the old philosopher Lao Tsŭ with the Taoist priests met by the five pilgrims on the journey is interesting as an indication of the degeneration of Taoism. While the Immortals live in the rhythm of the Universe,

the Taoist priests had so perverted their powers that Taoism sank to a mere cult of recondite metaphysics and manufacture of charms and symbols. That this perversion came through the wholesale adoption of Indian metaphysics is undoubted as that it came without that leavening of common sense which alone saved Mahayana from the same fate. Yet the Indian metaphysics were not alone to blame, for the Bon religion of neighbouring Tibet lavishly contributed from its hoard of Tantric practices. It even influenced certain phases of Mahayana Buddhism, and traces are to be seen in present-day Japanese Buddhism as well as in degenerate Taoism.

One incident in the Che Chih Country (redolent of Tibet) is reminiscent of the recently translated autobiography of the Tibetan yogin Milarepa. It is a rain-making contest, in which the Master and the Monkey competed against the Taoist priests. There is also a sly dig at the powers that be, for the incident is woven about the Monkey King's brief acquaintance with the Gods of Thunder, Lightning, and Rain during his brief residence in Heaven which gloriously saved the day for the pilgrims. Rain, it appeared, had been ordered for that day by special Edict from the Celestial Emperor, though fortunately the hour had not been stipulated. On this advantage the ingenuity of the Monkey set to

work, so that rain fell only at his bidding, thus utterly frustrating the Taoist priests. In Japan also there are echoes of rain-making, particularly in the life of Kobo Daishi, the great saint and founder of the mystical Shingon school of Buddhism.

Again the pilgrims pass Autumn and Spring on the road, and still the Western Paradise is far distant. It is a weary journey. To stimulate interest in the reader the author uses a quaint device at the end of each chapter such as—"What happened after this you shall read in our next chapter!"—leaving the reader quaking with anxiety for the Monkey on the point of being boiled in oil, or bottled in a demon's magic gourd. And—"Whether he lived or died you shall know in the next chapter!" Or to keep the end in view—"How the Pilgrims saw the Buddha and received the Scriptures you shall hear later."

The adventure of the Double Monkey involved an exposition of the Prajna Paramitra Hridaya Sutra, containing the kernel of the Philosophy of the Void. It was a Sutra to which Hiuen Tsiang was particularly attached. The account includes a short and typically Zen Buddhist poem:

"Calamity arises in the mind of a man who thinks—'For—against.'
On land and sea he is for ever doubting.
Undoubtedly his is a double mind!
Sometimes he desires power—to attain to the honourable three ranks of princes,

And to ride a horse with gorgeous trappings.
Again, he wishes to dwell in a high hall with a golden bell
—and to enjoy riches.
North and South he wars without success ;
East and West he parades only to make a noise.
Who practises 'Zen' must learn the secret of non-mindedness
Quietly nursing the child of the holy pregnancy."

The True Monkey and the False came before the Buddha for judgment—which one was true ? which false ? They found Him manifested in the Body of the Law expounding the philosophy to His monks. It is one of the highest flights of Mahayana philosophy of which the following is a much-condensed form.

"All things are characterised by the Void ; they are not born, they are not annihilated ; they are not tainted, they are not immaculate ; they do not increase, they do not decrease ; therefore in the Void there is no form, no sensation, no thought, conception, consciousness ; no eye, ear, nose, body, and mind—until we come to the element of consciousness ; no ignorance, nor its extinction, nor old age nor death ; there is no knowledge nor obtaining, because there is nothing to be obtained. The understanding of this is the beginning of Wisdom."

Later they came to the land of the Southern Buddhists, where Hiuen Tsiang had pilgrimaged so lovingly to behold the sacred relics. He described their glories thus :

" By the side of the king's palace is the Vihara of the Buddha's Tooth, several hundred feet high. It is decorated with every kind of precious substance. On the top of it is erected a signal staff which is surmounted by a great ruby and fixed to the tee. Its brilliant sparkling lights up the Heaven, and on a clear and cloudless night it can be seen by those who are even 10,000 *li* distant ! "

Even as Hiuen Tsiang had argued and philosophised with the monks of the Hinayana Buddhist philosophy, so also must this Master of the Journey to the Western Paradise, and must utterly vanquish his opponents.

" Wisdom," he expounded, " is to know how to get rid of the necessity of rebirth ; how to die without debt to anyone in the universe ; how to become beyond all form and no form, both human and divine ; to seek truth and the origin of things, and to link cause with effect. Thus indeed to reach Enlightenment and realise the nature of Nirvana."

Once they owed their deliverance from a false heaven to Maitreya (the Buddha who is to come), passionately adored by Hiuen Tsiang. After that they passed through a village whose foul tantric practices Dr. Richards has seen fit to leave untranslated, as he has done several other passages. This coarse buffooning and grossly grotesque appeal to the groundlings much in the

same spirit as the ribald passages of the Miracle Plays is quite unsuited for English rendering, but is a necessary contrast to the insistence on Buddhist metaphysics which was the nearest matter to the author's heart, and still wins scholarly readers. It keeps the balance, and of course also won the popularity which the book enjoys still in circles it could never have reached otherwise.

A charming poem prefaces a knightly adventure in the Vermilion Country, when the chivalrous Monkey restored a Queen to her King :

" Justice dwells with the good, and there the ' ten thousand things ' of the world ripen in quiet.
The fame of the good spreads to the Four Continents.
By the light of wisdom they are able to arrive at the far shore of Supreme Enlightenment.
Abruptly and swiftly
The cloud rises, to the heights of Heaven.
All influence—whether of man or form—interpenetrates itself,
And all for ever dwell in the High Hall of Jewels for a hundred thousand autumns.

It would break the butterfly dream of man
To think of purification ;
To the dreaming philosopher the dust of earth can bring no trouble."

It is a romantic episode, though the Monkey King's conversation with the Demon-villain is full of the philosophy of the complements which have played a fundamental part in Chinese culture. The virtues of Chinese medicines and

the return of his beloved queen quite restored the King, so that the five go on leaving happiness behind them.

By this time they had reached the Indian lands, where Hiuen Tsiang had pilgrimaged devoutly to the "Buddha traces." Their progress was still slow, for the road was constantly beset by bandits, demons, and monsters, and that heavenly lady Kwanyin was every day their guide and refuge. Solace lay for them, as it had for Hiuen Tsiang, in the Buddhist writings with which both he and they often eased their weariness. In the Heart Creed dear to the Monkey and his Master sounds the saying of Christ through the philosophy of India:

> "The Buddha is seated on the Peak of Vultures;
> Then seek him not in far distant lands.
> It is only in the height of man's true heart,
> And in each man is his own Peak of Vultures;
> And it is his true place of worship."

More simply—"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

For Pa Kiei the Pig one more lesson remained from which he must learn self-control. In early spring the pilgrims passed through a village where some lovely women—witches in disguise—abducted the Master, and having trussed him securely in their cave went off to enjoy their afternoon bathe. While they disported themselves in the water, Pa Kiei arrived on the scene,

seized their clothes, and then, quite forgetting his quest, frolicked gaily with them. As they left the pool, however, he remembered his unhappy Master, and forthwith strongly admonished the women whose nudity was quite at his mercy—much to the delight of Sun the Monkey in hiding behind a tree. But presently the beauties turned the tables on the poor Pig for, casting their toils over him, they bound him hand and foot with cobwebs, so that he, like the Master, was quite unable to move, much less free himself! Once more the Monkey (mind) extricated the party, and they proceeded on their journey.

In recording these adventures it is only justice to the women met by Hiuen Tsiang, the prototype of this Master of the Monkey and the Pig, to say that he did not experience parallel situations. In the many countries through which he passed the women showed him only the reverence and gracious hospitality to which his kasha robe entitled him.

There is a delicious poke at the superstition rampant at all religious festivals in the adventure of the pilgrims at the Feast of Lanterns. This is one of the clearest instances in which the author has transposed from the Record of the Journey to the West, not only the adventure but the moral. It was such a festival at Gaya that Hiuen Tsiang and his friend the Indian householder Jayasena attended. One can see the two

men, Hiuen Tsiang with the delicate ivory features of the monk, shaven head, and kasha robe, and the learned householder dark and expressive, putting their heads together as they discussed the doubtful authenticity of some bone relics of the Buddha said to have survived the burning, and which were the chief jewel of the celebration. As the record says :

" At the end of the first watch of the night, Jayasena and the Master of the Law were discoursing about the inequality as to the size of the different *sariras* (bone relics). Then Jayasena said—' Your disciple has seen in different places bone relics only as large as rice grains, how happens it then that these are so large ? Venerable sir ! have you any doubts on this point ? '

" Hiuen Tsiang replied : ' I share your doubts in this matter.' "

Later in the night—

" —the lights of the lamps in the building were suddenly eclipsed, and within and without there was a supernatural illumination produced. On looking out they saw the relic tower bright and effulgent as the sun, whilst from its summit proceeded a lambent flame of five colours reaching to the sky. Heaven and earth were flooded with light, the moon and stars were no longer seen, and a subtle perfume seemed to breathe through and fill the courts and the precincts.

" Then it was noised abroad that the bone

relics were exhibiting a mighty miracle. . . . By degrees the light grew less and less, and when at the last moment it was about to die out it seemed to encircle the dome of the reliquary several times, and then it was absorbed (as it were) within the tower. And now heaven and earth were again wrapped in darkness, and the different stars once more appeared. All who witnessed this miracle were freed from doubts."

But the five pilgrims of the journey to the Western Paradise were less fortunate than the Master of the Law, for their hosts being more ambitious had promised that the Buddha himself should appear and his light should extinguish all other light. The sceptical Monkey mind very much doubted the truth of the affair, but his trusting Master, having come all the way from China to see the Buddha, would not listen to the voice of reason, and so was carried away through his trustfulness by demons from whom he had to be rescued.

In the Indian Buddha-lands their way was full of the marvellous, and they assayed a fairy-tale adventure of a princess held in a Golden Prison, with a demoness masquerading as the King's daughter in her stead. Is it needful to say that through the right efforts of the heroic band the princess regained her freedom and was returned to her rejoicing parents? Yet this adventure had its comic side, for the demoness

had fallen in love with the innocent Master, and he too must be rescued from her toils before they could proceed.

At last the end of their great journey was in sight, and like Christian they could see the Delectable Mountains in the blue distance, and already the perils of the snows were dim in the past. One happy evening, in particular, they passed with a virtuous layman and his family, probably drawn from Hiuen Tsiang's friend Jayasena. Their host was as virtuous as the great Vimalakirti, the paragon of all Buddhist laymen, for he had vowed to aid ten thousand Buddhist priests. As the Master completed this number the pilgrims were indulged with special celebrations and the night passed in high feasting. In Hiuen Tsiang's records the layman Jayasena is described as belonging to the warrior caste, and learned in the sacred books and treatises. "His acquirements or virtue," it says, "make him the admiration of the age."

A verse, half Buddhist, half Taoist, heads this pleasant episode:

"Form, form, form, yet there is no form.
Vain, vain, vain, yet there is no vanity.
Loud wrangling and silent thoughts are alike,
Then why trouble to talk of dreams?
In usefulness there is uselessness.
In no-merit there is merit to give.
Question it no more than the coming of crimson in ripening fruit."

Yet in the same night they were beset by robbers and their good host murdered (an adventure which is not ascribed to the worthy Jayasena), and the valiant Monkey was compelled to represent his case to the officials of the Underworld. So well was this done that he was restored to life with an added lease of ten years! And as the poem at the end of this chapter says:

"The earth is so broad that all evil can exist on it.
The sky so high that even the hypocrite may walk beneath it.
Calmly and quietly must the way be taken along the road of He Who has thus come—the Tathagata!—
Even to the Gate of the Blessed Land at the foot of the Peak of Vultures."

CHAPTER VI

THE CROWN OF BUDDHAHOOD

THE Western Paradise to which the pilgrims now rapidly approached differed as far as the spiritual and material differ from the one which the Monkey King had known, for now the bud of symbol had ripened to the golden fruit of Buddhahood. That former had been the bait to attract the sinner in its realisation of sense desires, and well might the Monkey have said with Shinran Shonin, "Paradises are for sinners—though even the good may enter." As they passed deeper to the heart of this mystic paradise through the Chinese land of Beulah, where "Shining Ones walked commonly because it was upon the borders of Heaven," the more beautiful did it become. The spiritual fragrance of virtue drowning the sweetness of the flowers utterly bewildered the travel-worn Master, until his Monkey servant jestingly reminded him:

"Sir, in other countries you have honoured every statue of the Buddha we met. How is it in the Buddha-land you are so forgetful?"

Before them stretched a great building with

high towers skyward, like some golden palace and towers of a Chinese picture with cloudy ramparts. From it a Taoist Immortal came to meet them, and he, like the Brahmin Hiuen Tsiang met at Nalanda, had waited their coming for many years. There they rested, as Christian and Hopeful were to rest in the Vineyard of the King, and while tea and food were ordered for them a small priest prepared a fragrant bath. Then later, refreshed and honourably guided, the pilgrims set out on the last stage of their journey.

In his eagerness Sun the Monkey would have sped, rushing on the clouds to the journey's end, but their guide stopped him :

" For you it is all very well—you have learned the way through the air. But the Master must tread the footpath, for he knows no other, and I will guide him, for even you do not know that way."

" True," said the Monkey, " most true ! Therefore I rejoice that you will condescend to guide us ! "

But even in Heaven the Monkey liked his little joke.

" O my Master ! " he cried as he watched the Master reverence the Peak of Vultures dazzling in the distance in a thousand rays of light— " O my Master ! I beg that you will not begin your worship yet, for the Mountain is still far

away, and you will have to kotow much too often ! Why, we have not yet crossed the River ! "

Between them and their goal swept the River of Death, through whose baptism all men must pass to the New Life. Only a tree-trunk spanned the swift black waters, and though several of the prophets had crossed by it, it seemed a terrifyingly insufficient bridge to the group on the shore. Yet not to the impetuous Monkey. There the primitive in him exulted in ancestral memories. He skipped across, finger-toed, while the others shuddered at his daring. While they despaired a man on a slight raft came drifting down the current towards them crying : " Take the Raft !—Take the Raft ! " The Monkey (mind) recognised Him as the Buddha with His Raft of the Good Law—the Boat of Souls ; the others as their only chance of crossing. Nevertheless, it was with great reluctance they decided to entrust themselves to Him. For the Monkey who had known him the Ferryman improvised thus :

" From Mind, it is said, we learn the names of all things,
For all things come from Mind ready-named.
I, Buddha, bring the teaching of the Law
That calm prevails despite the wind and waves.
Without beginning and without end is this Peace,
The Six Elements of Existence come to oneness in it,
And the ten thousand Attainments are achieved.
Difficult indeed is life—like the ocean to a man in a bottomless boat !
Yet I, the Buddha, ferry all men to the Shore—throughout all ages even till to-day ! "

Yet the Raft seemed so frail that the Master again hesitated until Sun the Monkey, ever impatient, pushed him. He lost his footing and slipped into the water that closed over his head before the Ferryman had time to rescue him. While the Master wrung out his clothes and blamed the Monkey's impatience, Pa Kiei led the horse and carried the baggage on board.

And now a beautiful episode. A dead body drifted by them, and the Master saw it with fear. But the Monkey, ever before him, said: "Master, do not be alarmed. It is none other than your own!" The Pilot also rejoiced as he turned to say, "This body was your own! May you know joy!" Therefore, when the Raft touched the bank, he jumped lightly ashore, for (like Christian) he had "left his mortal garments in the river." As he turned to thank their Ferryman, lo! and behold! both Raft and Pilot had vanished. Understanding flashed on him, and he knew the Ferryman and His Raft. Also he knew that the manifestation of the earthly Buddha was no longer needed for them, and that they had passed beyond need of the Raft of the Good Law. Quickly he turned and thanked his pilgrim servants, without whose help he could never have travelled the road. But for them also virtue was its own reward, for by realising their common dependence they

had together entered the Kingdom of Heaven which none could have reached alone.

With light bodies and lighter hearts they ascended the Peak of Vultures, as Christian and Hopeful—"Through the regions of air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them."

At the palace of the Buddha they were announced with due ceremony and bowed in reverence before Him as He sat in high glory in the throne-room of the Great Hero Hall. While they worshipped, Kwanyin the Ever-merciful and attendant Bodhisattvas and multitudes of Arhats who have "thus attained" gathered to watch their happiness. Joy unutterable transfigured them as they gazed upon His face.

Yet willingly and with glad hearts they set aside this joy to return to the worlds of men with their treasure of knowledge. Even so had Hiuen Tsiang rejected the offers of the Kings Siladitya and Kumara and returned to China with his precious burden of books. In this resolve he stands with the Monkey and the Master as Bodhisattvas who, having renounced Nirvana that they may help men, are the highest of all Buddhist ethical ideals.

Accompanied by the Buddha's two great disciples Ananda and Kasyapa, who were in charge of the libraries, they went to receive

their treasure. This was to prove their eightieth trial, for the two custodians demanded payment for the precious volumes. Only one more trial was to come.

"But there is no payment," said the Master, bewildered; "I have always understood that they were to be presented to us."

Ananda and Kasyapa exchanged smiles.

"If we *give* away our Scriptures we must die of starvation!"

"In my opinion," observed the Monkey pertinently, "we had much better return to the Buddha. We will ask Him to give us the books with His own hands."

"No, no," returned the disciples, smiling again; "it does not matter. See, we will give you the books!"—and they proceeded to load the White Dragon Horse.

They were, however, the wordless scriptures which no man could read, and not those for which the Master had come. But when he testified his willingness to part with all he possessed—even to a golden bowl which the Emperor had given him—the treasure of his desire became his. Thus to attain to the fullness of knowledge he must be rid of small things, and in so doing gain the all.

There is a list of these great scriptures which are those Hiuen Tsiang brought to China. Enough cannot be said of their value, as they contain the highest flights of philosophy, and

although they were written for the most part between 200 B.C. and A.D. 700, they are in perfect accord with modern science. Although they are not often the historical words of the Buddha they are a record of growth from hints and suggestions which He left and which can be found in the earlier texts. Few have as yet been translated in full, but those that have been are winged inspirations to the simpler household philosophy of Primitive Buddhism. Among the full number of thirty-five books are many already well known to Western scholars, such as the Diamond Cutter, the Lotus Gospel, the Bodhisattva Sutra, while the Lankavatara and the Book of Vimalakirti are more recent translations. The Avatamsaka Sutra is a cantata of praise to the attributes of the Gotama Buddha in his manifestation as the Infinite Buddha :

" At that moment the wisdom of the World Honoured One
was deep as the ocean,
Far seeing as space itself ;
Before its light the darkness of the world vanished,
And all sentient beings were led to enlightenment.
The universe and all things in it were serenely reflected in
His mind,
As starry heavens are mirrored in a calm sea."

Again :

" The Buddha is our refuge, unsurpassed, peerless !
He removed suffering from all beings !
To all who desire to see Him face to face
He appears as the full moon over the high mountain ! "

And—

" He is the light of all sentient beings !
The cloud of His love and compassion envelops the whole universe,
And the shower of the Law leaves no place unmoistened."

Then with these treasures in their safe possession the pilgrim band returned to the throne of the Buddha to offer homage and thanks.

The last trial awaited them on their earthward journey. As they sped on the wings of a wind of Heaven it suddenly dropped, and the Master, disciples, and the precious volumes were precipitated into the great river of the Milky Way. A similar misfortune overtook Hiuen Tsiang near Kashmir, when fifty manuscript copies were lost in the River Indus. It was attributed to some flower seeds which he was also carrying back to China.

" That," he was told, " is the sole reason of the storm that damaged the boat. It has been so from days of old till now ; whoever attempts to cross the river with seeds of flowers is subject to similar misfortunes."

However, the Master of the Journey to the Western Paradise was more fortunate, for the books could be dried, and when morning came they found themselves among friends. Once more the heavenly wind blew, and they were carried to the Court of the Chinese Emperor without further mishap.

The Emperor (who is now drawn from Emperor T'ai Tsung of the T'ang Dynasty who welcomed Hiuen Tsiang with almost royal honours) accorded a magnificent reception to his emissary to the Western Paradise. While the Master's credentials were being examined he had the pleasure of formally introducing his four disciples to the Emperor, and giving an account of his journey. Altogether he had been away for fourteen years and the eight days of the return journey. The monk Hiuen Tsiang had been absent for sixteen years. On the Master's passport were stamped the names of the countries he had passed through, among which were the Vermilion Country, whose Queen they had rescued, and King they had cured; the Monk's Country, and many others, including the Country of the Western Women. Although Hiuen Tsiang did not visit this last country, he gives an interesting account of it, and it was well known to Sinbad the Sailor and to the ancient chronicle of Ceylon, the Mahawamsa.

The evening of their return was celebrated by a great banquet:

"It was a Royal banquet worthy of the Ancient Rulers.
To have received the Scriptures was a joy to overflowing.
Now might be transmitted to future generations the greatness of the past!
And the light of the Buddha illumine the Imperial Dominions!"

Of Hiuen Tsiang's return it is recorded:

"The Emperor T'ai T'sung (surnamed Wen-wang-ti), who held the golden wheel and was seated royally on the throne, waited with impatience for that eminent man. He summoned him therefore to the Green Enclosure (close to the Imperial throne) and, profoundly impressed by his past acquirements, he kotowed before him in the Yellow Palace. With his own hand he wrote the proclamations full of affectionate sentiments; while the officers of the interior attended him constantly. Condescending to exhibit his illustrious thoughts, he wrote a preface to the sacred doctrine, consisting of seven hundred and eight characters."

Even as his prototype had done for Hiuen Tsiang the Emperor presented the Master with a preface to the scriptures written by his own hand.

Introduction

"We have heard how the invisible forces of Yin and Yang (the male and female principles) that brood over and produce all life are represented by the visible sun and moon. The four seasons, though themselves unseen by the action of heat and cold, produce all growth. By looking to Heaven above or earth beneath, even the most ignorant know this influence of Yin and Yang. But the wisest cannot explain them

fully. But from what we see, it is easy to know that they exist. They cannot be fully understood because they are invisible. But their influence is known by what is visible. Even the ignorant have no doubt about them. Their form is invisible, their workings beyond the knowledge of the learned. How much more difficult therefore is it to understand the philosophy of the Buddha, which deals entirely with the unseen, the dark and the quiet, but which exercises profound influence over all beings throughout the universe. It is unsurpassable in high majesty, and in the smallest details it is Divine. Its greatness penetrates all space; there is no space so small that it does not permeate. It is not born; it does not die. It remains throughout all time, and never ages. Whether visible or invisible, it brings all blessings even now. Wonderful doctrine, most mysterious! Those who study it find it unlimited; its influences reaching everywhere in silence. They try to grasp it, but they cannot find the source. How much less can the ordinary man with his small ability and knowledge find out its full secret!

On examining the origin of this great philosophy we find it arose in the Western land. During the Han dynasty we heard of it as of a dream which flowed with its mercy to the Eastern lands. At first, by the Buddha's example and teaching, and

before it was fully understood the people believed He appeared on earth to do good and honoured Him. But after He had entered Nirvana and generations passed they forgot the true character of the Founder, and did not reflect the Light of the World, but made beautiful images, fine paintings, and, without authority, drew thirty-two marks (of Buddhahood, usually represented on the footprints of the Buddha and on the feet and palms of the images). Thus his main doctrines spread far and wide to save men from the roads of rebirth and left traditions everywhere to lead men along the ten paths of Buddhism. But true philosophy is not easy to spread without varying views arising. Plausible views are easily followed, and thus arise both true and false interpretations. Therefore the doctrine of the seen and unseen is expounded in various ways according to the customs of the world, some asserting one view and others denying it.

So the schools of Primitive and Mahayana Buddhism flourish according to time and circumstance.

Then the Master of the Law, Hiuen Tsiang, a leader of Buddhism, appeared. From his youth he was resolute and intelligent, and understood the vanity of the world. When grown he comprehended the spiritual—the laws governing life and death, and underlying principle making for contentment—as clearly as the wind in the

forest or the moon mirrored in the water, and more beautiful even than the dews of Heaven. Therefore he knew everything even before it took visible form, and was above being influenced by the senses and in all the past he had no equal. He cultivated his heart the whole time, and mourned over the mutilation of the pure philosophy. Studying it he deplored that even the best books had many errors. He thought of revising them all for wide publication by striking out the errors and preserving only the true for the benefit of students. He thought of the Pure Land and of visiting it for the purpose of religion. Leaning on his staff he went alone ; he risked danger and travelled far. In the morning drifting snow would bury the paths. In the evening clouds of sand would blow so that the sky was invisible. Ten thousand *li* of mountains and rivers he crossed. Through mist and fog, through heat and cold, through frost and rain he pressed on. Because his zeal was great he considered his trials light, being determined to succeed. He spent fourteen years in travelling from country to country in order to find the truth. Through two great forests and across eight rivers he learned various truths. In fine parks and on high mountain peaks he saw strange sights. He learned the high thoughts of the Lord Buddha and their purposes from the best teachers, studying the mysteries of

philosophy and its very essence. Thus he learned by heart the six teachings of the three schools—in all a hundred loads of scriptures—and like waves truth flowed from his lips.

Although he travelled through innumerable countries, the Scriptures were a definite number. He received the most important of Mahayana Buddhism, thirty-five works for the purpose of translation and distribution in China to make known the great philosophy. He brought the merciful clouds of the West to fall in fine rain in the East. Thus the imperfect doctrines of philosophy are corrected. By the power of Mahayana Buddhism sinful men can subdue evil and be released just as water quenches fire. Travelling through the sea of life it affords the voyager sheltered water instead of tumultuous waves, and through it he may reach the other shore in peace. Thus we know that if we transgress the Law we must have punishment, and if we are in harmony with it we shall be raised to Heaven. Good and evil are reached by man himself. The cinnamon grows on the mountain ridge nourished by clouds and dew, and impurities cannot reach it; it brings forth flowers, not because the nature of the cinnamon is good, but because its growing place is pure. Again, the lotus grows in clear water, and dust cannot fall on its leaves; this is not because the nature of the lotus is pure, but because impurity cannot

reach its home. Thus if even the vegetable kingdom knows the importance of good environment, how can men attain perfection except by abiding in virtue ?

May these Scriptures abide for ever as the sun and moon and the blessings therein will spread over the earth and the Heavens.

. . . . .

Arrangements had been made for the works to be copied and circulated throughout the land ; the quest of the Scriptures was ended. Having already cast aside the garments of mortality, the Master and his four disciples rose in the air and, lost to the sight of men, entered the Western Paradise. For them there was no more going out to rebirth.

The Master was honoured as the Buddha of Sweet Incense ; and the Monkey—his cap of spikes gone—became the Equal of Heaven in his proud reward—The Buddha Victorious in War. The hideous deformity of snout and flapping ears vanished from Pa Kiei, once the Pig Chu, but now a Shining Being. The Monk Sand, at last steadfast and resolute, was recognised as a Golden Lohan or Arhat, while the White Dragon Horse was appointed Chief over the Eight Boards of Celestial Dragons. Indeed, their reception into the Buddha-inheritance is reminiscent of the hanging triptych of Koyasan, where the Amida Buddha, surrounded by Shining

Ones, descends on a heavenly cloud to welcome those who are to dwell with him. For them was chanted the Refuges of the Infinite, a sublime anthem of those who have accomplished the way :

" We take refuge in
Dipankara Buddha, who first brought Light !
In Yakushi, Physician of the Crystal Sea ;
In Gotama, the World-Honoured Buddha !
In all Buddhas who have come, are, and who will be !
In the Buddha of Pure Joy ;
In Maitreya, the Buddha to Come !
In the great King of the Dragons.
In Narayan, Brahma, and Vishnu.
In the Buddha of the Excellent Law.
In Varuna, the King of the Winds.
In Kwanyin, the Incarnation of Mercy of the Buddhas !
In Dai Seishi, the Incarnation of their Wisdom.
In Manjusri,
Samanta Badhra.
In all the Bodhisattvas of the Eastern Paradise.
In all the lay-Sangha.
In all the Buddhas of the Universe ! "

We desire that the virtues and glory of the Western Paradise be pleasing to the four pilgrims and be the salvation of human sufferers. If any who read the Scriptures come to wisdom and reach the Pure Land it will delight all Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, all those who have " thus attained ! "

The last leaf of the " Records of the Journey to the Western Paradise " is turned, and the pilgrimage from life-germ to Buddhahood is accomplished.

Of that other pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang, the prototype of the Master of this Journey to the Western Paradise, it may be said that he rests in the Western Paradise awaiting the manifestation of the Buddha who is to Come. With Him he will return as an attendant Bodhisattva, and thus complete his great work for mankind. Like the Venerable Bede, he laboured day and night in the years that were left to him in translating and transcribing the great texts into Chinese, until the fullness of his time was come. Of him it has been written :

> "Around his dreams the dead leaves fall ;
> Calm as the starred chrysanthemum
> He notes the season glories come,
> And reads the books that never pall."

THE END

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